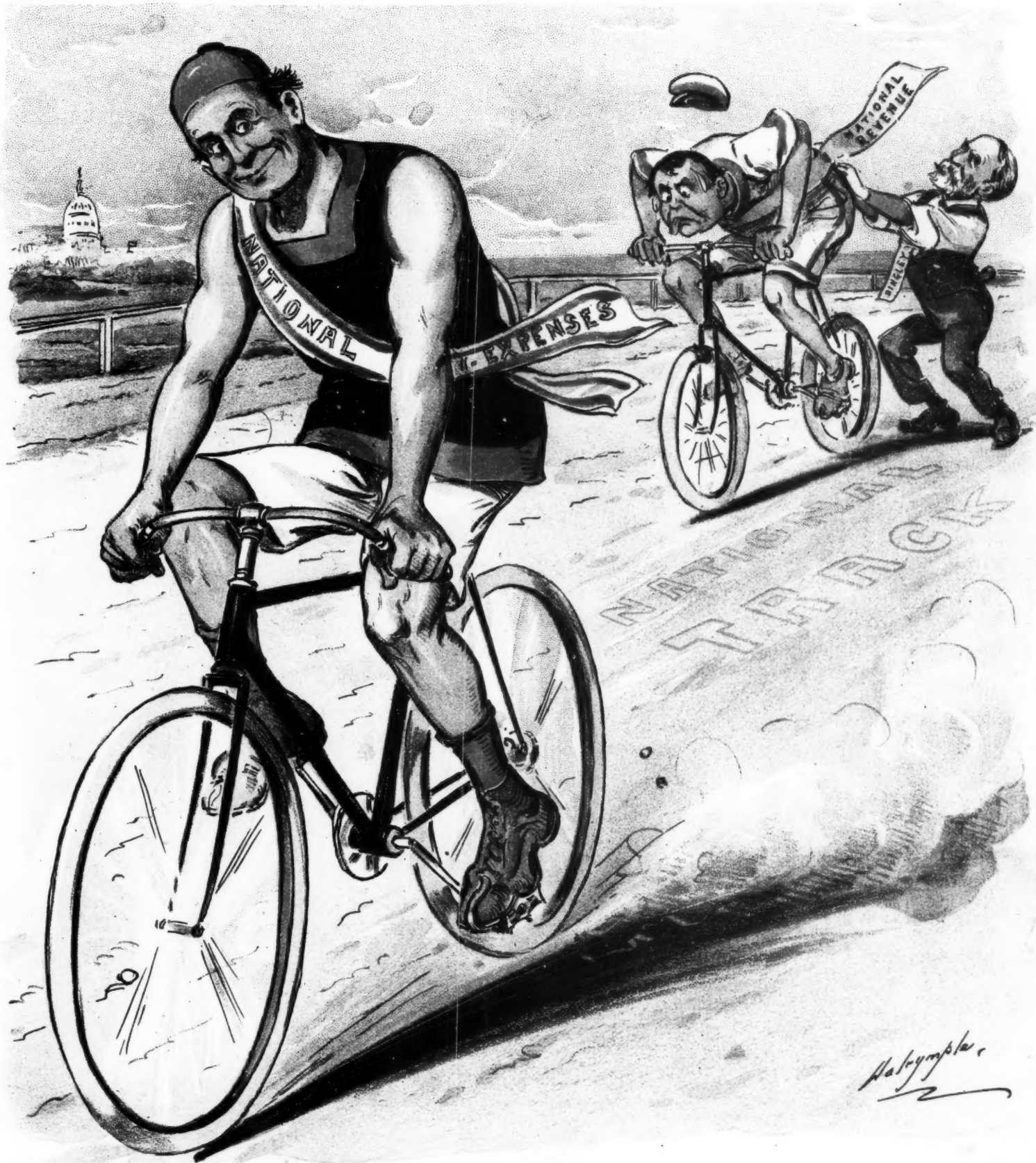


"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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A HANDICAP NEEDED.

AS RUN AT PRESENT THE MAN BEHIND HAS NO SHOW.



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DIFFICULT, BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

"Rounder gave a billiard exhibition at the club, Monday night. He did it on a bet, but I did n't think he'd win."
"What did he do?"
"He played ten consecutive games without taking a drink."

A MORE PROFITABLE LINE.

IKEY (*in a burst of enthusiasm*).—Fader, I would like to be a statesman!
HIS FATHER.—Ikey, I'm s'prised at you. Dere's more moneysh in bein' a bolitician.

BY COMING down handsomely now and then, a rich man may avoid the name of being stuck up.

UNCONQUERABLE.

"Three-and-a-half million people in Greater New York!" ejaculated the Chicago man.
"Great Scott! Chicago won't cut ice enough to make a South Clark Street ice cream."
"That's true; but what are we to do?"
"Do! We must start a movement at once to have the name of the United States changed to Chicago."

KLONDIKE CURRENCY STATISTICS.

"What is the circulation per capita up in this part of the country," asked a new arrival of a Klondike official.
"Well, sir, the latest statistics, compiled this morning, after breakfast, indicated two quarts of beans and eight crackers to each inhabitant."

A TRIUMPH OF LAW AND ORDER.

FIRST CITIZEN (*in the South*).—Well, the judge persuaded us not to lynch that feller, but to let the law take its course.

SECOND CITIZEN.—How did he do that?

FIRST CITIZEN.—He promised to see that a dozen of the leadin' citizens got on the jury.

"SPEED MY BARK," as the ocean greyhound said.

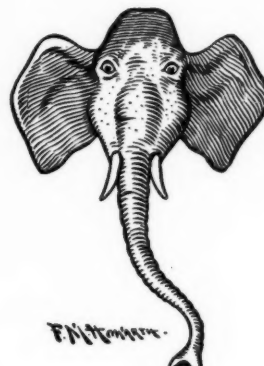
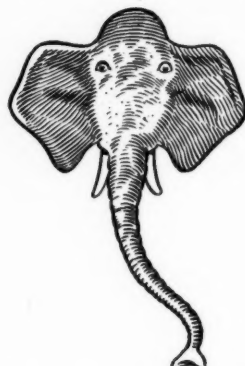
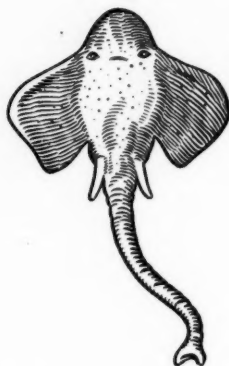
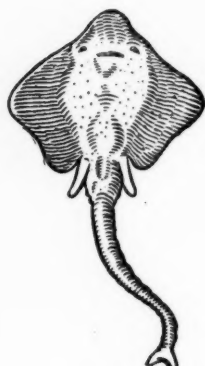
A MAN MAY babble libraries of information and never win so big a reputation for wisdom as the fool who keeps his mouth shut.



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A PLEA FOR MERCY.

INEBRIATED COWBOY (*at the Zoo*).—Lemme go, gents! I did n't steal th' hoss; honest injun I did n't!



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A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.—FROM THE SKATE TO THE ELEPHANT.



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OH! TO BE LIKE HIM!

MRS. NEWLYWED. — Henry, do you remember Jack Watson? Well, he has just been married, and to a girl of absolutely no family at all.

MR. NEWLYWED (looking sadly around at the collection of his wife's relatives). — A-a-a-h me! Some men do have good luck!



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A FAIRY TALE.

DEACON DARKLEY. — Nebber heah 'bout dat sperrit rabbit, Honey? Well, den, dat sperrit rabbit he run a'ter night, an' w'en yo' chase him, he run raight intoe some naber's chicken coop. W'en yo' reaches in an' gits him and takes him home, yo' fin's dat dat sperrit rabbit hab done turn into er chickun. He am a pow'ful cur'us animule, Honey; pow'ful cur'us!

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

"Eh-yah!" said the Sage of Kohack, who was in a particularly sarcastic mood; "it 's all right enough for folks to point with pride to the traditions of their families; but I take notice that most of the people who came of illustrious ancestry are content to simply bask supinely, as it were, in the laudable records of them that have gone before, instead of bein' concerned about the kind of ancestors they, themselves, will make. In my humble opinion, it would be a whole lot smarter in 'em if, instead of bein' satisfied to set back an' admire their forefathers' obituaries, they 'd be tryin' their level best to live up to their own obituaries."

QUITE DANGEROUS ENOUGH.

STAPLETON. — That man Mildway is a good deal of a milksop; spends his vacations botanizing and that sort of thing. Now, I like a spice of danger in my amusements.

CALDECOTT. — Well, you and your foot-ball are not in it with Mildway, when it comes to danger. He discovers new varieties of mushrooms and eats them.

HISTRIONIC ADVANTAGES.

WALKER FARR. — I look pretty favorably upon the manager's idea to tour the Klondike country next season.

COUNT D'TIES. — Too much danger of a frost.

WALKER FARR. — Ah! that pun has lost its vigor, my friend; but let me tell you that where eggs sell for fifty cents apiece the Thespian's path will not be wholly a thorny one.



AN AGGRAVATED FAULT.

She hath still a waist too slender,
Albeit we have frowned,
For the greater that objection,
The easier it is got around.

THE UNDAUNTED WEST.

"In view of the alarmingly large population of Greater New York," observed the Chicago man, "we must take a radical step."

"I know that; but St. Louis and Denver are rather too far away."

"That's not it. We must begin including in our statistics all non-resident cousins of bona-fide citizens."



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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VI.—OLD STAG IN COMMAND.

IT IS sometimes imagined that the military man pines for war; that he longs to inhale the aroma of powder, and, engulfed in red-lighted war-clouds, to snatch exalted moments of mortal jeopardy: but what the military man longs for is independent command.

Old Amos Staggett had never been in command of a post,—not for a month in all his thirty years; not for a day; not for a minute. Probably he was not a Napoleon, but in time of peace when it was a question only of living in the vicinity of rusting guns and mouldering equipment, and there conveying to the soldier mind the mysteries of walking uncomfortably

—which is marching, of pacing a post all night to take care of nothing—which is doing sentry-duty; of rising in the chill early dawn to do nothing—which is going to reveille—Old Stag was as good an officer as another and deserved as well.

Away back in '67 Staggett had been captain two years; he had been married to black-eyed Dolly one year; in that time, in the eyes of both himself and his wife, he was a man of possibilities. A day in that year Staggett came out of the Colonel's office, and, going to his own quarters, said, "Well, Dolly, how would you like going to Fort Wungun?"

"Why, that would be very nice," carelessly replied Dolly.

"I believe I'd like it well enough," said Staggett.

"If you don't take that, you will have something else,

soon; but that would be a nice little post.

"Captain Staggett," said Colonel King, that afternoon, "I overlooked one point: Captain Little is your senior."

"By two months."

"Well, Wungun is an independent command; I must send Little."

So Staggett stayed at the large post, and Little went to Wungun and lived the life of a commanding officer, a K. O., for three years. At the end of that time the regiment was ordered South, and the garrisons were broken up like groups in a kaleidoscope to come together in different groups. The Southern department was full of one and two-company posts. Old Staggett thought he would have a command. He wore a smiling face wooing fate. When the final order came, the Colonel read it first, then handed it about. Little read it carelessly, and gave it to Staggett, who, reading it hungrily, found himself sent to Fort Saurian, a two-company post, where the other captain was Little. When Staggett could control his face and make it presentable to those about, he looked up—no one was regarding him; Little was talking largely to the colonel of others who had been given commands and who were therefore worthy of mention. Staggett was mad. He conveyed the bitter news to Dolly thus: "You can make up your mind for living two or three years under your precious Littles."

Not for two or three but for four years Staggett was the subject of the czar Little. With two lieutenants he did all the work, the drills, the weary inspections of guard at night. Little looked on and told Staggett how things ought to be done. And all that time Little never had a sick day, and he never left the post.

From Saurian Staggett went—in time he went over nearly the whole

country till his slow trail looked like that of the *hannéton*. The trail ran from small post to large post; it ran through cities and frontier places; plunged into the North to make the Staggetts lay out all their small income in furs, and into the South to expose them to fevers; it passed by places where they would have wished to live, and ran to places they had prayed to avoid; but it never brought Staggett to command. His wife, through years and hardships, lost her freshness, and, through always being in inferior station, she lost the look of sovereignty which gives women beauty. Somewhere in the involved trail she became known as Mother Staggett, and Amos Staggett became known as Old Stag. They were disappointed people. Their children were disappointed children. Children give way to disappointment in their parents very easily. Old Stag was grizzled and lantern-jawed. When he had a family of eight children, he came to California, to Fort Point. At the fort flowers are blooming the year around; in front of the fort is the wide bay; the air comes in skyfuls; it is a place for rest and freedom;—yet even here Old Stag was subject again to Little. When noble foreigners came to the post, Little hobnobbed with them offensively, and showed them the Golden Gate.

The last night in California Old Stag and Mother Staggett, the two old soldiers, were sitting before the complaining fire after the eight children had gone bickering upstairs to sleep on blankets. "Amos," said Dolly, "don't you think you will get some small garrison this time?"

"I don't know," said the old man, dumbly.

The company went to Trumbull, a two-company post. Little's company was ordered to Trumbull, too. But it is a pretty post, and a colonel had had himself ordered there to command its important interests. Old Stag laughed a short laugh. "Well, Dolly, I guess Mr. Little will get out and do something, anyway."

But Mr. Little did not get out and do very much. He was a different man from Old Stag. Having been so much in command, he had higher ideas. He was fond of society. He used to attend all the social events in New London, and he would run off to Boston and New York. When he returned he invariably went on sick-report. The illnesses of Little's

might naturally have resulted in Old Stag's coming to command, for Colonel Masters was often away; but, as truly as the sun lights the earth, never on any occasion did Masters prepare to leave the post, Little being stretched on a bed of sickness, but Mr. Little would rise and be healed, and he would come forth and assume command and likely send a superior message to Old Stag.

Through all the miserable years Old Stag retained and cultivated one fine domestic virtue—which was to tell his wife all the news. It was generally pretty tame news he had to tell her, but he told it, and they got as excited about it as they could. One day at Trumbull Old Stag came in and said:

"Mr. Little has a three months' leave."

"Little has! He has? Captain Staggett! When did he get it? Mrs. Little never said anything about it. They are keeping things to themselves very nicely! I suppose Mrs. Little did n't like it that I had n't told her Clara was going to be married."

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)





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WHAT HE HAD IN MIND.

HE.—Why so pensive, darling?

SHE.—I was thinking of what Papa said at the opera to-night:—that you are not making enough to support a wife.

HE.—But he did n't say that;—he said I was n't making enough to support *you*!

WHY ONE WOMAN JOINED THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.



TO KILL pretty birds she agreed "was a shame."
But "sweet" was the hat, she must have it,—
what blame?
Such "cute" little wings at all angles were set,
And over them all waved a "darling" aigrette!

But when in her dreams she was changed to
a bird—
And shot for her gorgeous bright plumes,
she still heard
The cries of her babies who starved in the
nest,
The anguish she suffered "just spoiled
her night's rest!"

Since then she wears velvet and straw-work
and net,
With steel and gold ornaments, spangles
of jet,
And chiffon, lace, ribbons, gay flowers galore—
But wings or aigrettes? She will wear them no more!
Judith Spencer.

MAMA'S OBJECTION.

"No," said the girl, slowly; "I do not think Mama would allow me to accept an 'Acme' wheel from you—"

"You think not?"

"I am sure she would not. Mama rides a Hummer."

AN AMERICAN SHERLOCK HOLMES.

OFFICER.—There seems to be nothing on the body to identify the man. We do not even know where he lived.

BYSTANDER.—Of course, it's rather indefinite; but just after the car struck him he cried out that he was a citizen of Greater New York.

OFFICER.—Ah! A Brooklyn man.



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HE EXCITES REMARK.

FIRST TRAMP.—I guess dat gun of his must kick.

SECOND TRAMP.—Why would it kick?

FIRST TRAMP.—For havin' to travel around wid a guy like him.



A SNOW FLAKE.

HAT ARE you, dainty snow flake,
Falling out of the sky?
Are you a white rose petal
As you go drifting by?

Out of the sky's white garden
You flutter fitfully,
Did some wind kiss the rose bough
And blow you out to sea?

"No," said the fairy snow flake;
"I'd have you understand
I'm not a white rose petal
Blown from the white sky-land."

"Ne'er was I from a rose tree
Blown from the sky's white field.
I'm but a star-shaped crystal,
A rain drop, you know, congealed."

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE ONE IN PERIL.

"I warn you," said the old gypsy, solemnly, "that an enemy will cross your path."

"Oh, ho!" laughed the scorcher, scornfully; "if he's going to cross my path, you'd better warn *him*!"



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NO INSURANCE.

MR. ISAACSTEIN (*reading*).—Fire on Fourteenth Street!
Loss estimated at a hundred and feefy tollars.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN.—Any inzurance?

MR. ISAACSTEIN.—V'y, of course not—you don't subbose
anypody could estimate a loss at a hundert and feefy tollars, eef
dere vas any inzurance, do you?

REVIVED OLD MEMORIES.

DAWSON DAVE.—I never before saw an agent rake in
the money as fast as a feller did here to-day.

PLACER PETE.—What was he sellin'?

DAWSON DAVE.—Photographs of cakes and puddin's.
They were works of art.

UNUSUALLY TARDY.

FOGGS.—I wonder what the Chinese are holding off so long for?

BOGGS.—What do you mean?

FOGGS.—Why, about the invention of the chainless model.

SELF-RESTRAINT.

TOM.—Yes; Jack feels the refusal keenly, but he is trying hard to
controi his feelings.

HARRY.—That's good.

TOM.—Yes; he told me that under no circumstances would he call
on any other girl for a week.

WHEN A YOUNG man is lovesick he wants his beloved to sit up with
him every night.



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SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED.

JOSH.—What did you think of the Brooklyn Bridge?

HIRAM (*just back from New York*).—Oh! the Bridge was all
right, but—it was just our luck—when we was there there was none
of them fellers jumpin' off it.

HIS PROBABLE STATUS.

MISS THIRTYSMITH.—Do you know Mr. Softly?

SALLY GAY.—No; who is he?

MISS THIRTYSMITH.—Oh! he is the gentleman who—tee-hee!—
raves about me."

SALLY GAY.—Indeed! A lunatic, eh?

HIS DEFINITION.

LITTLE HORATIO.—Pa, what does "ovation" mean?

WALKER HAMM (*the eminent tragedian*).—It is a word derived from
the Latin, "ovum," meaning egg, my son.



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ACCOUNTED FOR.

KATIE.—Well, youse a sight!—I t'ought you said you could lick Mickey
Dugan standin' on yer head an' wit' bote yer hands tied behind yer back.

PATSY.—So I could—but de slob would n't fight dat way.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, January 12, 1898.—No. 1088.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A PESTILENT MICROBE.

NO REMEDY for the pension evil can be effective that does not provide for the extermination of the pension attorney. There are about forty thousand of them. It would be unfair to say that they are all knowing instigators of perjury. But an indictment that can fairly be found against the whole body, the honest as well as the dishonest, is that they are mischievous and unnecessary. The would-be pensioner with a just claim does not require an attorney. As a class they are needed only by the fraudulent claimant, but they prey upon both the deserving veteran and his counterfeit, and they unquestionably pervert men who would remain honest if they were let alone. During the last fiscal year these attorneys received, for obtaining new pensions and increases of old, more than half a million dollars, and it is estimated that pensioners have contributed to them since the war's close not less than \$75,000,000. They commit this double wrong: they rob the pensioner, and they incite the pensioner to rob his country. It should be plain to Congress that any investigation of the pension scandal must embrace this vicious feature of it. We shall have dishonest pensioners and fraudulent claimants so long as there is a large body of men whose livelihood depends upon their creating such.

THE NEW CONVERTS.

THE VARIOUS naval fleets hovering along the Chinese coast remind us anew of the vast debt that Civilization owes to big guns. It is dreadful to reflect how uncivilized we should now be if we had never learned how to kill our kind rapidly and in great numbers. And yet the Orientals now being operated upon will affect to perceive an inconsistency in the means which Civilization adopts to secure its benign ends. With that irritating sophistry peculiar to the superstitions which they call religion, they will contend that the voice of

God is not in the cannon's roar; that human slaughter and robbery illy harmonize with the sacred aims of brotherly love; and that the obvious interdependence between applied Christianity and land-grabbing obscures its basic tenet that it is more blessed to give than to receive. There is, of course, but one logical stand for Civilization to take against this primitive and childish reasoning. That other lesson of Christianity, that the heart should not be set upon material possessions, must be sternly enforced. To deprive the Chinese of their Empire and their false gods is to bestow upon them an intensely practical object-lesson in the beauties of giving, and to leave them nothing but the one true faith to cling to. In this instance they will also learn the valuable lesson that creedal lines can not confine the Christian spirit. The two missionaries whose murder precipitated the present crusade were not only Catholics but members of the order of Jesuits that had been expelled from Germany. Yet this will not deter the Christian Emperor who had expelled them from converting their murderers, if it takes every one of his war-ships to do it. And it is cheering to note that the other Christian Powers are no less broad in their views. The Chinaman must be Christianized and civilized to the very last square mile of his territory.

ON APPLIED CHARITY.

IN THE season when our poor suffer most keenly it is important that no ethical subtlety should prevent the generous from giving and the destitute from receiving. A minister of this city lately returned to the Tammany Society a check for fifty dollars that had been sent in his care to the poor of his flock. As his manner of doing it seemed a sufficient advertisement of his own error, we should have thought the proceeding invited no comment. But our excellent religious contemporary, the *Independent*, in rebuking this minister for his lack of good manners in abusing the donors of the check, takes occasion to defend his act of returning it, and this defence calls for a rebuttal. "It is proper," says the *Independent*, "to refuse for religious or charitable objects money which is not honorably earned." We dissent from this, and it has been our understanding and is still our belief that the great majority of ministers would join with us. It is wrong to accept money dishonorably earned if it be a condition of the acceptance that the methods by which it was earned, or the further practice of such methods, shall be approved by the receiver. But where the gift is hampered by no such condition, stated or implied, and where the acceptance can not be construed as an approval of the methods by which it was earned, it can not be wrong to accept it. It is right to accept money, however earned, which is given freely for a worthy purpose. Accordingly we counsel all pickpockets, burglars and footpads, as well as those who practice the politer and more respectable forms of dishonesty, to offer freely of their gains for charitable and religious objects, and we assure them that such giving, freely indulged in, will inevitably lead them into better ways. And we most earnestly counsel all ministers and all destitute ones not to hesitate to accept such free offerings, but to take them and be thankful. We know that good may come, even out of Nazareth; and regeneration through giving can not rightfully be denied even to those hardened and miserable sinners of Tammany Hall.



A MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.

TOLD HER that, as man of Law,
Love's side I should defend,
That in our case there was no flaw,
We'd fight it to the end.

A frown spread o'er her dimpled face,
She paced the polished floor,—
"Ah! pardon me, what is this case?
You know I have a score!"

"Love *versus* Phyllis, there's the scrips,
A kiss beneath your nose;
In fact, a mortgage on your lips!"
Said Phyllis: "Please foreclose!"

Harold MacGrath.

CALLING A HALT.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Is it true that the pension list is to be attacked?

SECOND CITIZEN.—I believe so. Steps are to be taken to prevent the further increase in the number of the survivors of the Civil War.

EVIDENCE OF INTREPIDITY.

FIRST OHIO REPUBLICAN.—Simpkins is a man of dauntless courage.

SECOND OHIO REPUBLICAN.—Is he?

FIRST OHIO REPUBLICAN.—Yes, indeed! Why, he openly opposes Mark Hanna!

ONE ADVANTAGE.

PIKE.—What could we do with Hawaii if we got it?

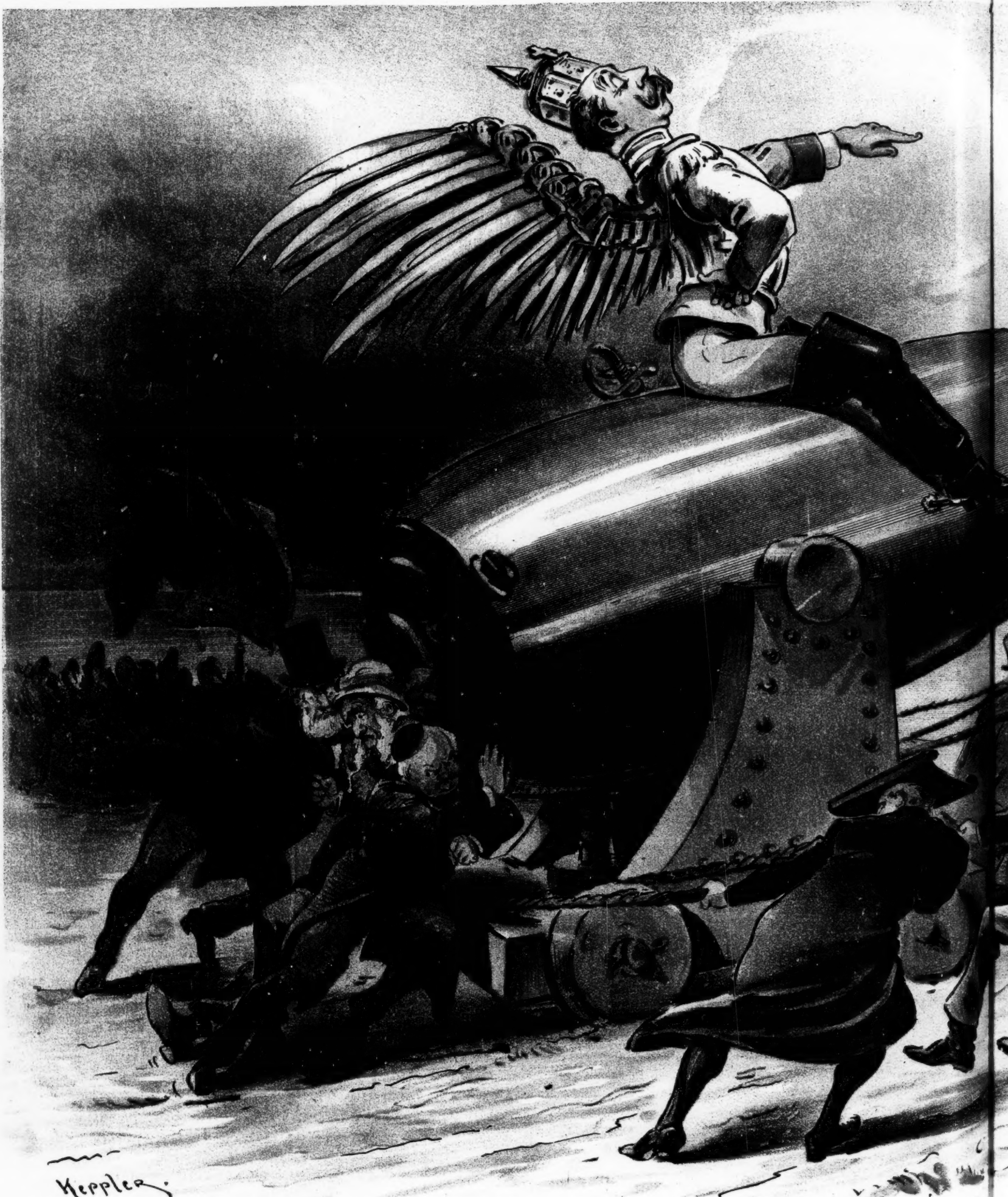
DYKE.—Well, in the first place, Congress could change its name to something that the average citizen could pronounce.



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A PUZZLING INVITATION.

PLUMP VISITOR.—Won't the little lady sit on my lap?
FLOSSIE (innocently).—Where is 'oor lap?



J. Ottmann Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF

PUCK.



AGENT OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

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THE REVELERS.

HAVE YOU heard of the revels in Anna's eyes,
That last till her eyelids fall;
How one bright throng with another vies
In holding a brilliant ball?

The twinkles come from a myriad stars
As soon as her eyelids rise,
And all day long to inaudible bars
The little lights dance in her eyes;

And when in the evening she seeks her bed
And closes her fair blue eyes,
The lights speed home, and far over her
head
They dance all night in the skies.

Ellis Parker Butler.

SOMEWHAT HIGH-GRADE.

HANDEL BARR.—You say you
were out bicycle riding one day,
and went clear across the State of
Kansas in an hour? Great hea-
vens! That was wonderful. Why did n't you keep on, and see
if you could n't reach New York by evening?

TYRE.—The cyclone exhausted itself.

FROM LITTLE BENNIE'S DICTIONARY.

THE WARDROBE.

A hat is a article to keep a feller from catching cold in his hair.
A coat is what we have to wear so 's we won't have to cut
pockets in our skins.
A necktie is a thing to keep a man's chin from dirtying his shirt-front.
A vest keeps the rest of the shirt from getting dirty.
Pants—well, you've just got to wear pants or stay at home: that 's
all. They are what makes some men look bow-legged.

Stockings are things
a feller wears so 's he
won't have to go bare-
footed in his shoes.

Shoes are what keeps
a feller from wearing his
feet out.

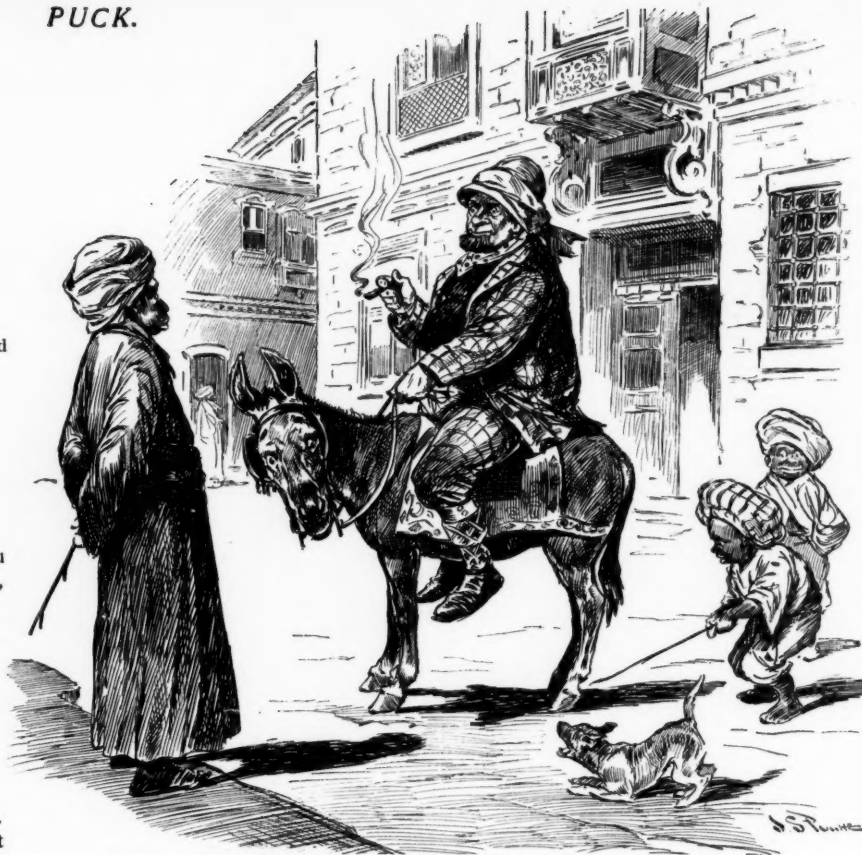
D. T.

BARELY POSSIBLE.

WING.—I don't think
this anti-foot-ball cru-
sade will meet with much
success.

KING.—You can't tell.
The day may come when
foot-ball games will have
to be pulled off in Ne-
vada.

HOW MUCH we learn
from our children,
until they get to know as
much as we do!



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IN EGYPT.

GUIDE.—Would you like to see the streets of Cairo?

CHICAGO TOURIST.—No;—saw 'em dozen of times at our Fair!
have n't you got anything newer?

AN ESTIMATE.

"What is the duch-
ess's husband worth?"
"Not as much as her
father paid for him."

HIS WEAKNESS.

SHE.—He does not
seem to be a brilliant
conversationalist.

HE.—No; unfortun-
ately, he can't talk on
any subject unless he
knows something about
it.

WHEN YOU hear a
man saying that
every man has his price,
you are generally safe
in concluding that the
speaker is one who is
marked down below cost.

HOW BRIDGET MADE AN IMPRESSION.

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I.
THE SCULPTOR.—Ha! Finished at last.
The crowning glory of my artistic career. It
will make me famous.



II.
"I will go out and get d'Auber to pass on it
while the clay is soft."



III.
BRIDGET (new assistant to the janitor).—
He—said—as I was to come in here and
straighten this room up. Phwat kind av a
shop do this be Oi wonder? It don't be after
lookin' loike that painter feller's place on th'
flure below.



IV.
"Oh, moi! Phwat a handsome, foine, swate
lookin' feller that do be! I do belave Oi've
lost me heart to a loifeless figger."



V.
"Just look at thim eyes! Th' foire av love
is a beamin' outen thim. Look at thot lovely
little moustache! And thim lips was only
made to spake words av love. O-o-o-h! Oi
kin hardly help av kissin' him. Oi do belave
Oi will. Phwat 's th' harum?"



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A RELUCTANT PATIENT.

"IS THERE any news from out your way, Mr. Tidrow?" asked the able editor of the Polkville, Arkansas *Bugle*, addressing a mossgrown visitor who lived near Goose-neck Spring, seven miles away.

"Wal, no; nuthin' that I think of," replied the caller, cording up his feet comfortably on the editorial desk; "believe, though, thar was a lady snake-bit last week, an' some feller white-capped a few nights befo', an' a little shootin' scrape at the camp meetin' Sunday, an' a fight at a weddin' Sadderday night, an' a magic lantern showman egged or clubbed, or suthin' that-a-way, the other night, an' a nigger or two lynched the first of the week for suthin' or ruther, I did n't learn what, prezizely. No; thar hain't nuthin' wuth mentionin' goin' on out my way.

"Come to think about it, though, I seen a sawter funny thing as I was ridin' in to-day. Jig Plunkett, that lives about half-way betwixt yere an' Gooseneck — you know Jig, I reckon? — has been sick for quite a spell, an' last night he was took worse an' begun to turn blue around the mouth an' pick at the bed-clothes quite a good deal. This mawnin' his folks whirled in an' sent for Doc. Tolliver, an' he got thar jest as I was stoppin' to kinder inquire how Jig was gittin' along. When the doctor went in at the do' at one side of the house Jig came out of the winder at the other side, dressed in a crazy-quilt, an' went flappin' across the yard an' right up a tall mulberry tree that stood by the well.

"The doctor an' the family done the best they could to git him down. His wife

an' children begged an' pleaded with him, an' the doctor commanded — but, pshaw! He jest hung on like a bat an' let em talk. Then they lit in to tryin' to rock him down, but at the end of half an hour all they had accomplished was to tire themselves out an' drive him higher up the tree. Like enough he'd have continnored to hang thar till he got ripe an' fell off, if an old feller, from away back in the hills somewhurs, had n't come drivin' along about that time, an', as soon as he seen what was goin' on, dug a long, brown squirrel rifle up out of the bottom of his wagon an' began to blaze away at Jig.

"The first bullet barked the tree close to his nose, an' the second one cropped his south ear, an' down he came a-scrabblin' an' a-tumblin'. By the time he struck the ground the old feller from the hills had hopped over the fence with a rope in his hands an' grabbed Jig an' noosed it around his neck befo' he could git up. The old feller was considerably disappointed when he found that thar was n't a lynchin' on hand, as he had figgered, an' he growled a good deal as he went back to his wagon about people takin' up a man's valuable time for nuthin'. Then we put Jig to bed an' held him while the doctor got in his work on him. Wal, I must be goin'. Sorry I could n't let you know any news; mebbly I can tell you suthin' the next time I come in. Wal, so long!"

"But, hold on a minute, Mr. Tidrow!" ejaculated the editor; "you have n't told me yet what was the matter with Mr. Plunkett. Was he crazy?"

"Nope! He did n't want to see the doctor; that was all."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE POINT OF THE STORY.

PAPA.—Never be mean, Johnny. You know the story about the dog in the manger that could n't eat the hay and would n't let the horse eat it?
JOHNNY.—Oh, yes! The horse was no good, was he?

TWO VARIETIES.

THE LANDLADY.—Mr. Feebles, the gentleman who arrived last night, is a chronic invalid.
THE SARCASTIC BOARDER.—H'm! From laziness or disease?



VI.

"O-o-o-o-h! U-u-u-m! Yez swate t'ing. Oi could squeeze th' loife outen yez!"



VII.

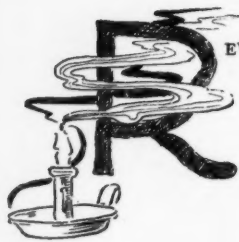
(Tearing herself away.)—"Fer th' love av hivin'! That is phwat Oi calls carryin' art too far. He's made him soft loike all good-lookin' men."



VIII.

—! —! —! —! —! —!

FLESH AND BLOOD.



REV. MR. STRAITLACE.—I've been over to see the agent about that house Aunt Matilda bequeathed to us. What a pity that she allowed a liquor saloon to occupy that corner!

MRS. STRAITLACE.—We must sell it, of course.

REV. MR. STRAITLACE.—The agent tells me the liquor saloon is well rented, and the property ought to bring a good price.

THICKER AND THINNER.

"The plot thickens," said the heroine in startled tones. "Yes, it does," admitted the soubrette; "but the audience is becoming perceptibly thinner. Come off and give me a chance to do my song-and-dance turn, or the house will be empty."

THE PREVAILING IDEA.

LITTLE IKEY.—Vat ish a mark of respegct, Fader?

OLD SWINDLEBAUM.—Der dollar-mark, mein sohn.

THERE HAVE been women who talked of purchasing the liberty of their sex with their lives; but they mostly shopped around a little and let it go at that.



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A SAMPLE.

MRS. SKINNER (*solemnly*).—Ah! gentlemen, as the Good Book says, "All flesh is grass."

MR. HALL RUME (*holding up an uncuttable piece of leathery, fried steak*).—Just so, Mrs. Skinner. Would you mind letting me have a lawn mower?

ITS MEANING.

LITTLE ELMER.—Pa, what does "carrying coals to Newcastle" mean?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—About the same as shipping beer to Milwaukee, my son.

OF COURSE!

SHE.—Yes, these *are* expensive materials; but I agree with Polonius—"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

HER FRIEND.—That was his advice to a young man, was it not?

SHE.—Certainly! No man would find it necessary to give such advice to a woman.

NEGOTIATION.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Number t'irteen? It might nod be lucky to live in a house vot vas.number t'irteen.

AGENT.—You don't believe in such nonsense as that?

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Vell, vot reduction vill you make in der rent if I take der chances?

THE GREATER BENEFACTOR.

TEACHER.—The inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of the pyramids. Why is that, Johnny?

JOHNNY THICKHEAD.—Because, Ma'am, you — er — er — can't bend a pyramid and put it on the seat of a chair.



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NOT YET.

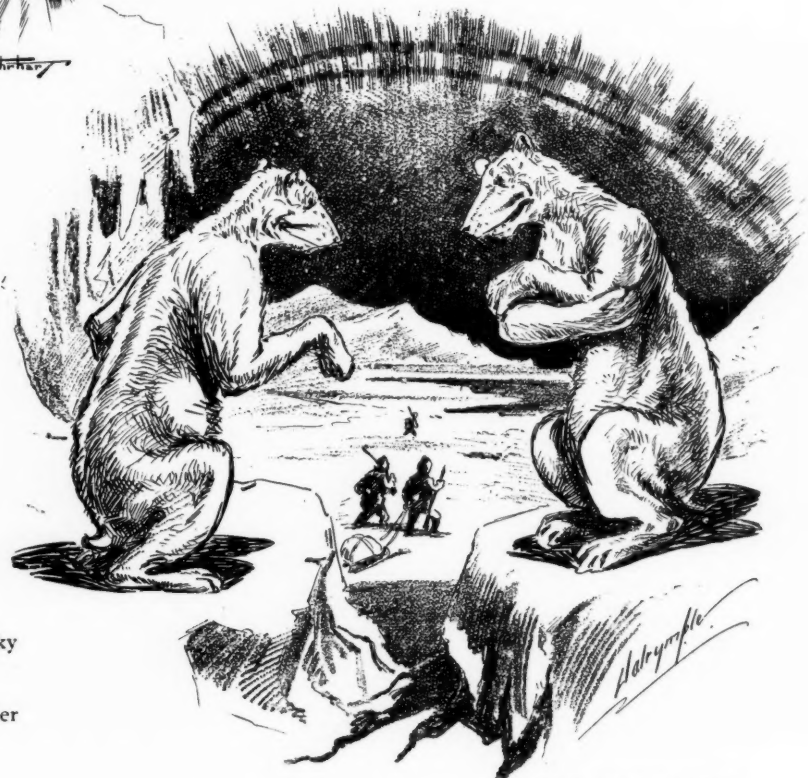
"Do you propose to marry?" asked Miss Flitters of young Mr. Bainbridge.

"Well, I have n't proposed yet," replied he, in a tone which forbade a further prosecution of inquiries.

PREPARING FOR HIM.

OFFICE BOY.—That insurance man who has been here so often wants to see you again.

PLANKINGTON.—Tell him to come again, and that before I see him I am going to get my life insured in another company.



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IN THE FROZEN SEA.

FIRST POLAR BEAR.—Aha! The explorers appear to be cold.

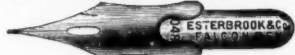
SECOND POLAR BEAR.—Yes;—if they had n't their guns, we might make it warm for them.

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY THROUGH OMAHA LINCOLN COLORADO SPRINGS SALT LAKE CITY AND OGDEN. SLEEPING CAR BERTH RATE ONLY \$6.00. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO NEAREST TICKET OFFICE OR ADDRESS GEO. KILPATRICK, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, OLD COLONY BLDG. CHICAGO. A. C. BIRD, General Traffic Manager, Chicago.

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Men's Fancy Half Hose.

Plain Colors, Stripe Tartans, and Embroidered Front: Cotton, Cashmere, and Silk.

'GOLF' HOSE.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

SUE BRETTE.—I never saw such a cold audience in my life.

FOOTE LIGHT.—Did n't they warm up a bit?

"Well, when they spoke of bringing out the author, I believe some of the audience got hot."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A DANGEROUS BLUNDER.

"No man can know everything," said the high-minded youth. "Between you and me," replied Senator Sorghum, "that's a fact. But there's no excuse for a man's making the mistake of owning up to it."—*Washington Star.*

MYSEKLEY.—My boy, you have done me a great service, and I want to repay you.

THE BOY.—Yes, sir, MYSEKLEY.—Here, you may take a good long look at my gold watch.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

If you like an ale

Nappy, Frothy, Mellow,
Clear, Sparkling, and en-
tirely free from sediment,

Drink Evans'

the FIRST and ONLY
perfectly sound and bril-
liant bottled ale, without
a trace of sediment or
dregs.

Order from your grocer.



"MAMA," said little Freddy, excitedly, "the ferry-boat we were on almost ran into another ferry-boat while crossing the river." "Did it?" asked Mama, anxiously. "Yes, indeed! I'm sure there would have been a collision if the other boat had n't back-pedalled."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE NEIGHBOR.—Did you succeed in selling all of your plants the past season?

THE FLORIST.—Well, I have a couple of palms left on my hands.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Has all the true odor of
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it is not only palatable, but it is already digested and made ready for immediate absorption by the system. It is also combined with the hypophosphites, which supply a food not only for the tissues of the body, but for the bones and nerves, and will build up the child when its ordinary food does not supply proper nourishment.

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119 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MORNING CUP.

MRS. SLIMDIET.—I'm afraid this coffee is a little weak.

OLD BOARDER.—Yes; it is n't quite so muddy as usual.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A CHICAGO politician says he "likes to see a man stick to one party." But, as it has leaked out that he has had six wives, it is thought that he is not sincere in what he says.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



LIGHTLY ATTIRED.

MR. HOBSON.—Does n't the leader put on airs, though?
MRS. HOBSON.—Well, she needed something on!

Don't be without a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne in your house. There is nothing better to entertain with.

Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer and invigorator, cures dyspepsia, diarrhoea, fever and ague.

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SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

"Ugh! Ugh! You did n't tell her because you did n't know, yourself."

"If she did n't feel it, why did n't she tell me they were going on leave?" But Dolly could spend no more time in parley, and she put on her faded wraps and went out at great speed to tell Mills's wife. Old Stag sat harboring ambition. Little going away: now let Masters go away or be sick or die—there were many happy chances—and he would be K. O.



A few days after Little left, Old Stag came into his quarters looking fore-done. "Here! my sword, take it."

"What is the matter, Amos?" "Why, have n't you heard?" he gasped. He knew she had not, but he wanted to gain time.

"I have heard nothing but that Mills's boy broke Sergeant Ray's pig's leg, and that—that—"

"The Colonel's going away for good—there's no one to come in his place."

"Amos Staggett! You will be in command!" Old Stag smiled. He was weak but happy. The news was sudden and momentous. It being sudden and momentous, Dolly ran into the hall, saying, "I was just going up to the Mills's." But she ran back again: a lieutenant's wife was not a proper confidant. The honor was too great to bear alone. "Oh, Amos! if the Littles could be here!"

Old Stag started. "Thank heaven, they are not!"

"When is Masters going?"

"The 25th. When is that?" Old Stag feigned that he could not fix his mind.

"Why—Wednesday. To-day is Monday."

"Next day after to-morrow, then," quoth Old Stag, officially.

That night the eight children went to bed bickering with new spirit. Stag lit his pipe, and sat down to read, with great dignity. He lifted his eyes over the columns as if reading must be choice to gain his attention. Dolly brought paper and pen to write daughter Clara, inviting her to visit them in their splendor. But her mind ran on the delightful perspective. "What will you do?"

"What will I do? How? When?"

Two tears leaped into Dolly's eyes, "We have waited for this so long, and now—"

"Why, Dolly! what do you think we ought to do?"

"The first thing," said Dolly, instantly brightening, "we must move into the commanding officer's quarters."

"We will—of course!"

"That addition the Colonel built will be a nice thing, now."

"Yes," said Old Stag; "and his hard-wood floors. There's one thing I'll put a stop to: I'll stop dogs from howling nights." Little had always kept howling dogs, and thousands of extra lullabys had been sung over the eight little Staggetts.

"What will you have done with them?" asked Dolly, eagerly.

"I'll have them SHOT."

"We'll have the ambulance more now, and we won't have to ask Mr. Little if he has made up his mind that he wants it."

"They talked till far into the night, and counted the treasures in their fortune. Now they would have the orderly; now bugles would blow only for others. Old Stag, rolling his eyes in military frenzy, told of the foolish rules he would change the minute Masters put his foot off the post.

On Wednesday the ambulance drove up for Masters. Stag went with him to town. Masters talked of the future of the post, for K. O's think they should be able by will to control posts for three lives. Old Stag thought nothing of what Masters directed except that he would n't do it. He kept saying to himself, "Oh! you would; well, I would n't," till he was afraid he would say it aloud. The men alighted in front of the telegraph office near the railway station, and went along to the tracks. The train came in. Masters remained outside to impose last directions on Old Stag. "All aboard!" "You understand?" said Masters. "Good trip," replied Stag, who thought only of Masters going. "Ah! what's this?"

"Is this right?" asked a messenger with a despatch, handing it to Old Stag. Old Stag looked at the despatch greedily. "Yes, my boy; that's right." "What's that?" asked Masters from the step. "Eh?" said Old Stag; "a message to the commanding officer, Fort Trumbull; comes to me now, I suppose." "Give it here," said Masters. He opened it, read it, handed it to Old Stag. It said:

"Please have ambulance meet me at 1 P. M. to-day. Little."

Masters said lightly: "Oh! he's giving up his leave; of course; he has a post now. I will write him what I think ought to be done. Well, you attend to that. Keep the ambulance here. No use making two trips."

Old Stag looked after the train with clenched teeth. Then he went to the ambulance and said to the driver, "The Fort." At the Fort he got out, and said, "Wait here;" then went into his quarters, and brought out half the family for a pleasure-drive. When they were off, he brought out a pipe and a chair, and sat in front of his quarters, reading.

In fifteen minutes a hack drove up with the Littles and two guests that they had brought to see their glory. Little jumped out, nodded to Old Stag, and looked proudly about the post. "Is Masters here?"

"He is not," said Old Stag.

"What? Well, did you get my despatch?"

"I did," replied Old Stag, like iron.

"Then," said Little, hotly, "why did n't you send the ambulance? I ordered it."

"Because I was commanding officer of this post, and proposed to use the ambulance myself——Sir."



PRACTICAL FINANCE.

JONES.—They say our circulation is twenty-two dollars per capita. Now, you have n't twenty-two dollars, have you?

SMITH.—Yes; I have.

JONES.—Have you? Lend me five, will you?

AN ILLUSTRATION.

HUSBAND.—That little Jones boy seems to be remarkably fond of cake.

WIFE.—Extremely! Why, he even eats his mother's home-made cake!

TEMPERANCE DOES not consist entirely in drinking cold water and talking like a lunatic.

AN ANALOGY.

BUT, NO; I may not aid at all.
She shapes the hillock with immense
Precaution. Then she sets the ball
To crown the little eminence.

To-day she has displayed to me
Distinguished signals of her grace.
Does she but build another tee
From which to drive my hopes in space?
Layton Brewer.

NO MATTER how many kinds of trouble a man has he is apt to feel that he would prefer some other kind.

UNEVENTFUL.

UNCLE BOB.—Did you like the trip to the West, Johnny?

JOHNNY.—Not so much. I was waiting for train robbers, and we never saw one the whole time.

ADVICE GRATIS.

MR. AUCTIONLOT (*heatedly*).—How do you expect a person to build a cottage on that "charming villa site" you sold me?—it is two feet under water!

LONELYVILLE REALTY AGENT (*suavely*).—You might sink caissons.

IT is consoling to the man who is left to have his conscience tell him he is right.

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
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Denver or west of New York.
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10 to 20 days. No pay till
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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed, pound box 25c. at
dealers. **G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.**

SHE.—I see that Mr. Parvenoo has
blossomed out as a full-fledged society
man. I wonder how he got his entree
into society?

HE.—On a Chilcoat Pass, I think.—
Detroit Free Press.

Your father made cocktails with Abbott's Angos-
tura Bitters. You make them now. The Bitters are
the same. Druggists. Grocers.

COLUMBUS'S MISTAKE.
TEACHER.—Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent?
CLASS.—No; he thought it was India.
TEACHER.—Correct. Why did he think he had found India?
BRIGHT BOY.—I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants was Indians.—*N. Y. Weekly.*
SHE.—He kissed me, and then I told him to tell no one.
HE.—And what did he do?
SHE.—Why, it was n't two minutes before he repeated it!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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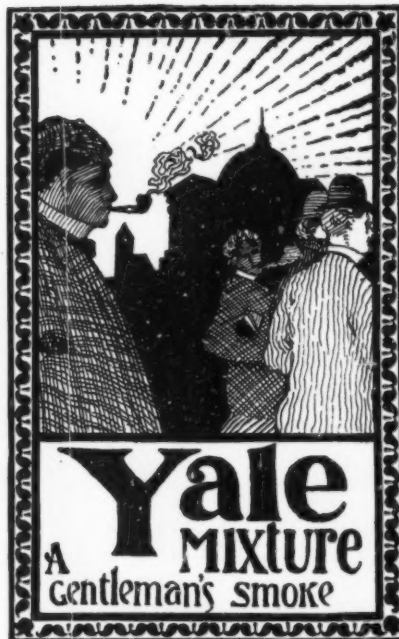
EDW. W. BRUCE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md.



AN OFFER OF ASSISTANCE.

"Eh? What's that?"

"I said let me an' me chum carry de bags. What's de use of yer tirin' yerself out?"



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Best of all Cocktail or
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to a bottle of the best of
the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle
2 of most of the others.

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MARIANI**

MARIANI WINE

The Ideal French Tonic for **BODY AND
BRAIN**

Since 1863, Endorsed by
Medical Faculty

OLD GOLFER.—How many holes have you made?
NEW GOLFER (who has not reached the first green).—Not more than four
or five, and I put the turf right back.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

SUE BRETTE.—Did you know that eggs are used for clearing coffee?

FOOTE LIGHT.—Why, yes! and for clearing stages, too.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

FREDERICK GLASSUP Sole Agent for the U.S., 22 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used
in their manufacture, it being fine grained and
elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown
by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
free from defects. The tempering is excellent
and the action of the finished pens perfect."

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New York Central and Michigan Central Route

THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED.



PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

MY GRANDMOTHER used to say to me,
 My grandmother used to say,
 "Now don't run after the boys, my girl,
 But stick to your sewing, pray!
 For men who want wives will hunt them, dear,
 Care not to be met half way;
 For the longest chase is the fairest sport,"
 My grandmother used to say.

My grandmother used to say to me,
 My grandmother used to say,
 "Now stop your dreaming and baste your hem,
 Dreams never were meant for day.
 Don't hurry, my girl, to find a lad,
 Maids never have will nor way
 Till sorrow and twenty are come and gone;"
 My grandmother used to say.

But I'd heard some tales and said one day:
 "Now, Granny, you dear old thing,
 You met, I've been told, your lover at
 The gate by the meadow spring,
 And, though scarce eighteen, you rode behind
 To the village six miles away,
 And were married and all by Parson Phipps;
 Now, what have you got to say?"

And grandmother smiled demurely, then,
 Above the hurrying thread;
 "'T was not for the lack of precept, dear,
 Things happened as you have said;
 For, 'Stop your dreaming and baste your hem,
 For the men won't run away;'
 And 'Wooing will keep for a good two-year,'
 My grandmother used to say."

Richard Stillman Powell.

